## LUSIGNANI'S END.

The Italian Wife Murderer Executed at Morristown, N. J., Yesterday.

STORY OF THE CRIME

A Tale of Love, Jealousy, Desertion and Revenge.

THE TRIAL, CONVICTION AND SENTENCE.

How the Repeated Efforts to Save the Prisoner's Life Failed.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE MURDERER.

He Spends His Time in Singing and Prayer.

The Closing Scenes in the Condemned Cell.

The March to the Scaffold and Execution.

FIGHTING FOR THE DEAD MAN'S BODY.

At twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock this morning Luigi Lusignani, the Italian, was exccuted, in the presence of about two hundred people, for the murder of his wife. STORY OF THE CRIME.

The crime for which Lusignani has offered up his fife was committed on the 7th of November last. The actors in the tragedy, besides Lusignani, were Philip Massalini, Giovanni Bariotti and Johanna Moosi. The parties were all Italians, possessing in a marked degree the flery and impetutempers which are characteristic of children of the sunny Southern clime. Two or three years ago Luigi Lusignani was in Italy, living with his aged father and mother in his native province of Bobia. He was one of thirteen children, two of whom now only survive—a sister, and a priest who lives near Rome. The early portion of Lusignani's life had been adventurous and stormy. He worked while quite young on a plantation near his father's home, and while here one of the great risings in the cause of Italian liberty took place under the leadership of Garibaldi. The martial youth of Italy, fired with ideas of patriotism and dreams of om, were everywhere flocking to the standard of the great leader, and Lusignani, sharing the infection, enrolled himself as a soldier in the Garibaldian ranks. From the stories told by himself and others of the campaign in which he bore a part, it is evident he acquitted himself bravely, and a wound which he received in battle, slightly laming him for life, bore evidence to his valor. When the brief war was over and Garibaldi had returned to his home in Caprera, Lusignani re-turned to his native place, but feeling restless and unsatisfied, he manifested a desire to emigrate to America. His parents tried to dissuade him from his resolution, but as his mind was filled with visions of what he fondly hoped was an El Dorado, he would not consent to remain at home, and some two years ago he arrived in this country. He tried his hand at a variety of employments, but left them in succession until he went to work in the shop of Giovanni Bariotti, an Italian like himself, and the future source of all his future miseries. who kept a shoe shop in Centre street.

THE MEETING WITH JOHANNA MOOSI. If the career of Lusignani in America, up to this date, had not been very prosperous, it was, at the least, happy; but the fates were about to gather around him, and the circumstances beginning to develop themselves which led to his untimely and ignominious death on the scaffold to-day. Like post of the Italian residents of this city. Luig boarded in the Sixth ward, and in the classic pre cincts of Baxter street he met the woman who was afterward to be his wife and his ruin-Johanna Moosi. Johanna was a splendid type of the peculiar style of beauty for which the peasant women of Italy are so justly celebrated. She was of medium height, but her form was rounded to perfection, and her step was like that of a queen. She had glorious black hair, a set of pearly teeth, small hands and feet, and a broad, intelligent forehead. She was just such a weman as would make a deep impression upon a young and ardent nature like that of Lusignani, and the poor fellow, who was easily moved to fury or to laughter, to tears or to love, adored Johanna with all the strength of his hot Italian blood. Whether Johanna really loved Luigi or not cannot be ascertained, but she lent a willing ear to his suit, and, after a brief courtship, the couple were married by an Italian priest in Hoboken, and commenced keeping house on Baxter street, Lusignani still continuing to work in the shop of Bariotti THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

For a short honeymoon all went merry as a marriage bell. Luigi was industrious, Johanna was a good housekeeper, and her weedded life gave fair promise of happiness. But the clouds were aiready gathering and the dream of contentment was about to be rudely dispelled. Bariotti began to lose his business in Centre street, and it finally became so bad that he sold out his stock and went to live in the mining town of Dover, on the line of the Delaware and Lackawanna Raifroad. While Luigi was working in the shop of Bariotti, Johanna was in the habit of bringing him his meals, and Bariotti began to broke with unholy eyes upon the swarthy beauty. She received his advances graciously, and when he left Centre street she displayed considerable regret, which did not escape the observation of her husband. When he had gone away the true nature of Johanna began to manifest itself. She shunned the company of Luigi, and commenced to frequent the low Italian drinking saloons of Baxter street. Not satisfied with lihis, she displayed a marked preference for other men over her husband, and the latter was at length compelled to interfere and, if possible, rescue the woman from the downward course which he saw she was rapidly pursuing. He remonstrated with her, at first gently but firmly, but she refused to listen to him, and rows became of frequent occurrence, which sometimes ended in blows, Lusignani invariably coming out of these encounters second best. Finding that remonstrances and threats were of no use, Lusignani had recourse to a stratagem, and one day, when Johanna was out, he having previously procured apartments in the upper part of the city, had her ciothes removed to the new residence. He hoped, by removing her from the contaminating intuence of the neighborhood, to work a reformation in her character; but in this he was doomed to disappointment. When Johanna heard of the ruse which had been practised upon her she became furious and demanded back her offects. Luigi very properly refused to give them to her; and, having gi For a short honeymoon all went merry as a marriage bell. Luigi was indus-

vember they took the early train from Hoboken.
They arrived in Dover about ten o'clock in the
morning, and the first news they heard was that
Earlotti had become bankrupt, and that in asking
to be released from the consequences of his bankruptcy he had sworn that he was a married man,

ecuring himself \$750 by his oath.
THE DEATH STRUGGLE.
Lusignani and Massolini at once proceeded to the

residence of Bariotti on hearing this news. The house occupied by the latter consisted of a single room, the rear of which was used for sieeping and the iront by the shoe shop. Bariotti was sitting working when the couple entered and Johanna was in the rear cutting a piece of meat preparatory for cooking. (What follows in the story Luigi himself tells, and there is no reason to believe it is untrue.) The parties all looked at each other in sience, a silence omnous of the approaching tragedy. At length Luigi spoke, and, addressing Johanna, asked her to reurn with min to New York. This she flattly refused to do: Dut Luigi renewed his entreaties and asked to speak to her privately, and as there was no inner apartment the unhappy pair came out upon the stoop to talk. They conversed in Italian, and as their conversation was getting to be very exciting, Bariotti came out and said that if Lusignani would return to New York he would promise that his wife should follow him. This did no: satisfy Luigi, and he still urged the woman to return, but she became savage, accused Luigi of robbing and ill-treating her, saying that no persuasion could induce her to ever live with him again. Massolini all this time sat upon a bench and did not interfere. When the ill-mated husband and wife had talked some time upon the stoop they returned into the house again.

White Luigi was standing with his back to Johanna, she suddenly (as he stated) raised the carving knife and indicted a wound in the abdomen, the mark of which he has carried with him to bis grave. He was at the same time struck behind the ear with a hammer. He grasped her around the waist and fercely struggled for the possession of the knife. In the encounter the woman received a cut upon the breast. Luigi got the knife and Johanna suddenly threw herself forward and attempted to seize a shoemaker's knife which lay upon Bariotti's bench. Luigi's fierce blood was indamed to an ungovernable degree, and, while his wife latiot spirang upon Luigi, but the latter, with the bloody k

youth and skilful treatment triumphed and he recovered.

THE TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

Lusignani was brought to trial on the 17th of February, Massailin having been previously discharged, and after an impartial hearing, which occupied four days, the case was given to the jury. From the many extenuating circumstances connected with the case no one surmised that a heavier verdict than murder in the second degree or manslaughter in the first degree would have been rendered; but the jury thought different, and, to the surprise and consternation of nearly every one in Court, a verdict of murder in the first degree was brought in. Messrs. Wurts & Childs, counsel for the prisoner, asked to have the verdict set aside on account of irregularities connected with the jury, and Judge Dalrymple, suspending sentence, appointed a day for the hearing of the argument in the matter. The arguments were heard, and after three weeks' consultation the motion was denied and Lusignani was sentenced to be hanged on the 1st of May. When sentence was pronounced the prisoner became greatly excited, and, in his broken English, denounced the Judge and jury, saying that because he was poor he must be hanged.

The fieldt for Liff.

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The float For Life.

The devoted counsel of Lusignani were determined that he should not perish without a strong effort being made on his behalf. A petition was drawn up, which was signed by nearly all the inhabitants of Morristown, including every man of respectability and note, and presented to the Governor. The case was laid before the Court of Pardens, but the Court refused to interfere, and orders were given that the preparations for the execution should be proceeded with. The day preceding the execution Governor Parker, who was said to be personally in favor of commutation of sentence, granted a reprieve of two weeks on strong representations which had been brought to bear upon him by prisoner's counsel, and the case was again taken before the Court of Pardens, but that body was mexorable, and the Sheriff was notified that Lusignani must die when his reprieve had terminated.

LUSIONANI'S PRISON LIFE.

Since sentence was passed Lusignani has acted strangely, but many of the stories which have been published relative to his conduct are entirely false. His courage never for an instant drooped, and he displayed no terror at the thought of his approaching end. To those persons who had befriended him he was deeply grateful, and manifested his gratitude by eloquence of voice and gesture. The people of Morristown had become greatly attached to him, and he has, since sentence was passed, not been compelled to eat the prison fare, delicacles of all kinds being freely supplied to him by the Sheriff and others. Father Vassalo, an Italian priest from Orange, has been with him nearly all the time, and the Sisters of Charity from the St. Elizabeth Convent have been unwearied in their labor of love. Lusignani frequently talked of the disgrace his execution would bring upon his family, but for himself, he said, death had no terrors, as he had faced it like a soldier and would die like a soldier. When speaking of h

Yesterday the scaffold was erected in the rear Yesterday the scaffold was erected in the rear of the jail. There was no raised platform, but, instead, plain boards were placed along the ground. In place of having the weights which held the rope run over to the north end of the scaffold, a patent spring was attached to the weights, which the Sheriff could, by touching, work so as to make the weights drop. This is the first time this constitution of the state of New which the Saeriff could, by touching, work so as to make the weights drop. This is the first time this contrivance has been used in the State of New Jersey. The yard in which the scaffold was erected was screened from view upon all sides. The Court House conceals it from the street. The Clerk's and Surrogate's offices form the rear, and a high wooden wail runs along either side. The cell window of the prisoner looks out upon the yard, and the condemned had an opportunity of witnessing the awful preparations. He was not in the least affected by the sight, but laughed, and said to the Sheriff, "Me go out and dig hole; dig deep," There was very little excitement in Morristown during the day, but toward evening the late trains brought in numbers of strangers, and a strong force of reporters made the town look more animated. Father Vassalo, who stayed with the prisoner for three or four days preceding the execution; Fathers Ronaldo and Hickey, of Hackettstown; Father Sheran, of Morristown, and two Sisters of Charity were with the prisoner during the entire day. In the moraling a barber came and made the last toilet of the unhappy man, and on leaving was stupid enough to leave his scissors behind him. Luigi picked them up and sent for the Sheriff, when the Sheriff came he produced the scissors and said, "If me want to kill myself, look here! But no; don't lose my soul; I am a good Catholie." Every now and then he would burst into snatches of sacred song, and as he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and sa he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and sa he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and sa he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and so he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and so he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and so he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and so he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and so he had a natural gift for poetry he would compose; and so he had a natural gift for poetry he would co

gayety communicating to his visitors, notwithstanding

THE SOLEMNITY OF THE OCCASION.
He once brought out and sang "Shoo fly, don't
bodder me," but recollecting himself he changed
this melody for an Italian hymn. During the day a
young lady named Carting, of Monmouth county,
who has remained a faithful friend to Lusignani
during all his trials, visited him in the cell, and on
parting they both wept like children. When the
hole had been dug and before the scaffold was
erected a screen was placed in front of the window
to conceal the apparatus from view. Every time
Lusignani would hear the noise of the
hammering he would say, passionately clasping
the cruciffx to his breast, "Me no afraid to die; me
go to heaven young." He would then break into
fervent praying in his native tongue, which would
be followed by singing. At six o'clock the Sisters
of Charity left him for the night. He bade them
farewell with great fortitude. After they had left
he called for his supper and ate a hearty meal of
beefsteak and pie. Soon after, the priests left him
alone for a little while and went to supper. While
they were away Lusignani amused himself by singing, and in his voice there was not the slightest
quaver.

At ten o'clock the three priests refugined to page

ing, and in his voice there was not the slightest quaver.

THE LAST NIGHT.

At ten o'clock the three priests returned to pass the night with the prisoner. They were accompanied by a reporter of the light halp was warmly greeted by Lusignani on entering the cell. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning and wore a white rose in his button-hole. His countenance was ghastly pale, but his pulse was regular and his heart beat at its usual rate. He talked rationally upon the subjects connected with his execution, and spoke of his trial and of the people who had befriended him. At times he would get very excited, and when thinking of his family he would press his hands to his temples with a look of intense agony. A bottle of Rhine wine of a weak quality was upon the table beside him and from this he would drink frequently. He kept continually repeating that he was not afraid to die, and would place his fingers upon his throat, pointing to it as the place where the rope would go. He asked the HERALD reporter to contradict the stories which had been published of his profunity, as they were entirely incorrect. What made people believe he was swearing was the habit he had of repeating a prayer which Father Sheran had taught him—"My God, my God, forgive me for my crime." This was mistaken by the people who heard him for blasphemy. The nervous fits which seized the prisoner were sometimes very severe, but they generally were over in a moment. He said that they were not the result of fear, but that they came upon him when he thought of his family. Once when he became excited he struck the chair with his fist, and said, "I'M MAN, NOT woop,"

and I must feat Mr Sheriff at this time came into the cell to bid the prisoner accument.

but at the end of that time one of his nervous his came upon him and he burst into a paroxysm of prayer and called God and his confessor to witness that the had been guilty of no crime; that what he did was done in an unguarded moment, without any thought of the consequences. About one o'clock he became exhausted and he again tried to sleep, but he could not, and Father linckey and his associate priests again prayed. Lusignami leaning his head upon the knees of Father Vassalo. He continued praying for some time, and when he had concluded felt considerably relieved. He lighted a cigar and commenced pacing up and down the cell. When he had sonoked the cigar he sung snatenes of bymes, and by turns conversed with the priests. At three o'clock he drank more wine, and made another inefectual effort to obtain some repose. He fell into a dose, for the first time during the night, but it only lasted a few moments, as he sprung up, wildly exclaiming, "Oh, my mother! my mother! I die! I die!" Pather Vassalo put his arm around the poor fellow, and tried to quiet him, but his agitation was so great that it was some minutes before he could be pacified, and when the fit had passed he dropped into a chair, completely exhausted. At four o'dlock the priests made another effort to induce Lusignami to sleep, but he refused, saying, "I sleep only once more; I want no sleep.

He continued to pace the cell furiously and would not sit still for a moment in the same place. He frequently sung, and prayed often, clasping the cruciffx to his breast and lips at intervals. At about half-past four the sun commenced to rise, and it poured a flood of pale light into the cell, bringing into bold relief the shadow of the scaffold in the rear. Father Vassalo extinguishes the light, and Lūsignani, looking up, said, "That is my last sun; it shines for me to-day in heaven." The orb o'day gradually rose and soon shone with the tright came upon him. He was praying with the priests, when, in a moment, he struck his forchead with nis clenched fist, and

The Sisters of Charity arrived at the jail shortly after six o'clock, and relieved Father Vassalo, who left to procure some breakfast. The Herald reporter left at the same time and came out upon the street. The morning was beautiful; the sun was pouring a perfect flood of glory upen the houses and squares, and all nature seemed rejoicing as if in mockery of the unhappy man within the prison walls. By this time the town commenced to get alive with excitement, people beginning to come in from the country in the vain hope of obtaining a view of the proceedings. About one hundred and twenty-five passes were issued by the Sheriff, the reporters having to trust to Providence and an officer named John Moore to obtain admission.

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THE LAST MEAL.

At seven o'clock the Hebald reporter returned to the cell of the prisoner. Lusignani was sitting upon the bed waiting for his breakfast. He had asked some time before for something to eat, and said he would like chicker; but he changed his mind and ordered some beefsteak and toast. This was provided for him and he made a hearty meal, observing that it was the last one he should evereat. At half-past seven o'clock Father Vassalo returned to the jail and administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church to Luigi. He seemed to be greatly strengthened by the ceremony, and he sang the "Stabat Mater" with peculiar sweetness. Fathers Sherans and Hickey soon alterward came, and all the priests robed themselves in their vestments. A raging thirst seemed to possess Lusignani, and he called frequently for wine, which was invariably furnished him, but as it was not much stronger than water it did not have much effect upon him. He addressed himself to the Herald reporter, the only reporter who was admitted to the cell during the morning, and asked to have it stated that he did not tremble and was not afraid to die. Rising and walking the cell, he said, "My God, forgive me for my crime. You died upon the cross: give me strength to die like a soldier of the cross." He gave uiterance to many more beautinil sentiments, some of which were very poetical, asking for wings to dy up to heaven, and saying that he would be with the angels praying for his friends before night. He sang impromptu sonnets about the priests and every one in the room, and speaking of the Sheriff, said he was good and had provided him with everything necessary to die.

NEARING THE END.

At nine o'clock the priests engaged in prayer,
Lusignani kneeling at Father Vussalo's knee, devontiv repeating after the priests. While thus Lusignant kneeling at Father Vussalo's knee, devoutly repeating after the priests. While thus engaged another nervous fit came upon him, and he poured forth a hurricane of talk in his native language about his crime and his friends in Italy. He particularly wished his brother to be informed that he died penittent and a good Catholic. This attack lasted longer than any other, and it was nearly an hour before he was himself again. He turned to the reporter and said, "Me no afraid," putting his hand upon his breast, "Me heart all right. If door would open and some one would say, Luigl, prison for life, me would no care. I am reconciled to my God, and am willing to die," Father Hickey at this moment put his hand upon the head of the prisoner, and said to him, "Luigl, I wish I was going with you where you are going to-day." Luigi turned round and playfully answered, "Well, take my place; me go under the bed." Father Sheeran said, "Luigi, I have said mass for you this morning," at which Luigi ebserved he would pray for all present in heaven to-morrow. THE PROCESSION TO THE SCAFFOLD

mass for you this indicated. At which he we tomorrow.

THE PROCESSION TO THE SCAPFOLD

It was now ten o'clock, and, with the exception
of the priests, every one, tactuding the Sisters of
Charity, whom Luigi tenderly embraced at parting, left the cell. Outside the preparations had been
all completed. Company A, of the Fifteenth regiment of New Jersey, arrived from Orange at about
nine o'clock, and surrounded the Court House at all
points. All who were not prepared with passes were
refused admission, and it was with great difficulty
that some of the members of the press got into the
Court House. Every vantage ground in the vicinity
had been eagerly seized upos, and the adjoining
trees and housetops were alive with spectators.
The windows of the clerk's office opening upon the
yard were filled, as were alise the Court House windows. One side of the yard was set aside
for reporters by the Sheriff. There were
in the yard altogether about two hundred and fifty
persons. At half-past ten Luigi could be neard
singing in a clear, firm voice, "My God, my God,
forgive me." As his life came to be counted by
minutes he prayed earnestly with the priests, but
showed no sign of faitering.

At a few minutes past eleven o'clock the Sheriff
entered Lusignani's cell and said to him, "Lusignani, your hour has arrived." Lusignani said, "Me
all ready; me want to die quick." Mr. Eastman, the
jailer, then commenced to pinion the prisoner, at
which the latter became very indignant, thinking
that the act implied that he wanted to run
away. When he was informed that it was
necessary to pinion him he quictly submitted,
and when his arms had been tied he turned to the
Sheriff and said:—"Hang me quick; me say nothing." A guard of soidiers now surrounded the
scaffold and the passage leading from the rear of
the Court House to the gallows was cleared. In
the cell the priests commenced to chant the prayers
for the dying, and in a few seconds the
voice of Lusignani could be heard singing
the "Miserrer" as he advanced from his
cell. Wh

wore a white rose in his button-hole. His country names was ghastly pale, but his pulse was regular and his heart beat at its usual rate. He talked rationally upon the subjects connected with his execution, and spoke of his trial and of the people who had befriended him. At times he would get very excited, and when thinking of his family he would press his hands to his temples with a look of intense agony. A bottle of Rhine wine of a weak quality was upon the table beside him and from this he would drink frequently. He kept continually repeating that he was not afraid to die, and wend place his fingers upon his throat, pointing to it as the place where the rope would go. He asked the Herald reporter to contradict the stories which had been published of his profanity, as they were entirely incorrect. What made people believe he was swearing was the babit he had of repeating had taught him—"My God, my God, forgive me for my crime." This was mistaken by the people whe heard him for blasphemy. The nervous fits which seized the prisoner were sometimes very severe, but they generally were over in a moment. He said that they came upon him when he thought of his family. Once when he became excited he struck the chair with his fist, and said, if you sorty for me. Sheriff, I sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff, if sorry for you." He said he was grateful to the sheriff which he had on the sheriff which he was yound him the he was yound him he he was yound him he he was yound him he

PIGHTING POR THE BODY.

According to arrangements made by the priests the body was to be interred in the Catholic graveyard and services were to be held in the church. When the body was placed in the coffin Pather Vassalo asked that it be delivered up to him, but he met with an unexpected obstacle. The doctors insisted that a post-mortem examination should be made before a certificate of the cause of death was given. Father Vassalo in dignantly objected to this being done, and very properly, too, as it was altogether unnecessary, as it was suggested with no other motive than to gratify the curiosity of the doctors. Notwithstanding the protests of the priests the body was taken into the cell and the coffin-lid and clothing taken off. The two Isalian priests were very much excited, and after formally protesting they left and said they would abandon the body, and would not bury it after it had been mutilated. They left and the post mortem was made. The neck of Lusignani was cut open and it was found that it was not broken or dislocated, and that death had resulted to this effect, and the body was replaced in the coffin and taken out into the Court House hall, where it lay until late in the afternoon, when it was carried to the town cemetery and placed in a vault. The conduct of the doctors is severely commented upon, and their action is generally condemned.

So ended the last scene in connection with a

severely commented upon, and their action is generally condemned.

So ended the last scene in connection with a crime which, with its origin in love, was prompted by jealousy and consummaked by revenge. Lusignani is the first Italian who has ever been executed.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Central Park Garden-Opening of Theo-

dore Thomas' Summer Season. Perhaps the rush after postal cards is the only attendance and excitement witnessed on the opening of Central Park Garden, and the reappearsuce of Mr. Theodore Thomas and his celebrate band can be fitly compared. The changes that have been made in the hall and its adjacent corridors are not important beyond the banishment of the ornate mirrors, which had the equestionable advantage of minding one of a defunct ice cream salo which had long since known its palmiest days Everything susceptible of looking better beneath a fresh coat of paint had been thus recomplexioned, and a variety of plants were picturesquely disposed in vases and slender festoons. The appropriateness of letting well enough alone has seldom been more felicitously illustrated. This thin embroidery of leafage, accentuated here and there with

more felicitously illustrated. This thin embroidery of leafage, accentuated here and there with a heavier aigrette of flowers, set off the targe room lightly and airily, and insinuated a conviction of Summer much more impressively than a preponderance of looking glasses could do. If we cannot have Summer here in reality, let us, by all means, aid imagination.

We do not propose giving a formal report of the manner in which Mr. Thomas and his band interpreted the programme. The average New York audience may be Cyrenale in its passion for change; but a New York audience that is fond of music—and such was the character of the audience at Central Park Garden last night—desires no more novelty than Mr. Thomas gives it, and last evening he certainly gave it nothing that can be called absolutely new. There was French and Italian and German music, and selections from Auber and Weber and Beethoven, contrasted with melody from Schubert and the sparking phrensy of Stranss. There were movements as rich as the red-flushed russet of Autumn, and harmonies as single and unpretending as the buttercup's infant simplicity. For Mr. Thomas pressibed, and the orchestra he commanded is composed of instrumentalists who have worked together long enough to coalesce with as much perfection as the different proportions in a temperament. From the overture to "Masaniello," with which the concert began, to the "March" by Michaelis, with which it ended, the orchestral interpretations were beautifully firm and even. There were no tantalizing undulations of effort, resulting in proficiency in one number and mediocrity in the next. The rich stateliness and harmonic treatment of Weber, as evinced in the selection from "Precioso," received as adequate and conscientious expression as the eighth Symphony of Beethoven, which, quite as much as any other of that great composer's symphonies, is the exponent of that expected to proceed from the invention of an effeminate and eccentric monarch, so chaste in reputation that no scandal ever attached to the

ese garden concerts have now obtained a hold These garden concerts have now obtained a nou which envitle them to rank as institutions. It is something to have within easy distance a handsome and respectable resort, where music, mooushine and Moselle may be enjoyed simultaneously; where we may applaud "Martha" while we sip Markobrunner, and imbibe equal proportions of "Lohengrin" and lemonade. Amid such surround-time save the business man finds thisself wellow. ings even the business man finds himself mellowing into momentary romance, and we should scarcely be amazed to hear that Mr. Gosche himself, overpowered by the lights, the music, the flowers and the Rudesheimer, sometimes wishes that managing the financial department of garden concerts were compatible with his being a boy again. Some cynic declares that all our joys are somewhat like those shy creatures that, whenever they are watched, roll themselves up into a ball and pretend to be dead. At any rate, this does not appear to be the case with the joy of garden concerts. Another cybic, this time a poetical one, remarks:—

For not to man on earth is given

Por not to man on earth is given
The ripe furiliment of desire:
Desire of heaven itself is heaven.
Unless the passion faint and tire.
Evidently the passion for Thomas and his Summer concerts has not yet fainted and grown tired, though we cannot precisely think that the wish to enjoy them is quite tantameunt to the enjoyment itself.

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

On Saturday evening Terrace Garden Theatre. on Third avenue and Fifty-eighth street, will be opened for a Summer season of operetta and light comedy.

of the choirs of some of our leading churches. In many cases the music is an insuit to religion, and

would be unworthy of the smallest concert hall. Mr. William A. Lilliendahl, the business manage of Wood's Museum, takes his first benefit at that establishment this afternoon and evening. Talbendant has many friends, who will turn out

en masse to-day.

Mr. Gye, of Covent Garden, has announced the name of Mme. Lucca as one of the attractions of his present season, although that lady has not the slightest intention of crossing the Atlantic this Summer. She goes to Narragansett Pier on the

that ever appeared in opera at the Academy of Music, is stopping for a few days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Her fame some six years ago drew many a crowded audience to the Irving place Opera House. Mile. Louise Liebhardt has a benefit at Steinway

Hall this evening, at which Rubinstein, Miss Mehlig, Mile. Pauline Canissa, Mile. Drasdil, M. Sanret and Mr. Millard will appear. The feature of the concert will be Schumann's "Andante" and variations for two pianos, which will be interpreted

by Rubinstein and Miss Mehilg.

This is the benefit season for the artists and attaches of the theatres. Mr. D. H. Harkins, stage manager at the Union Square, takes his benefit this evening. Miss Fanny Davenport, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is to play "Prou-Frou," Miss Etne

being still too sick to appear.

The Board of Education seems to have forgotten entirely the question of music in the public schools.

A good, sound musician, who has proved himself worthy of a foremost rank in art, should be selected as superintendent of music, and the results would be highly beneficial. It is a disgrace to the metropolis that, through the shortsightedness of a few persons, the children attending the public schools should be left in complete ignerance of the divine art. As for the ill-directed efforts of embryo music teachers, they do more harm than good.

There has been a friendly contest out West between the admirers of Mme. Lucca and Miss Kellogg. The latter was presented with a valuable set of jewelry in St. Louis, and a few days after the Germans of Chicago decorated the "Kleine Pauline" with a diamond cross. Of course both ladies made nice little speeches, pressed the desirable gifts to their hearts, looked forward with pleasure to the time they should return and episodes during a prima donna's season and are never regarded as intrusive. In fact, the more frequent the more welcome they prove to be

## THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Solemn Approach of Nixon's Fearful Fate.

THE LAST DEAR DAY.

Pathetic Parting from His Wife and Children --- A Child's Love.

HE GLANCES AT THE GALLOWS

"I Feel That the Hand of God Is Upon Me."

RESIGNATION AND DESPAIR.

The Murderer's Prayers to His Maker.

Full Text of His Last Will and Testament.

Yesterday was a sad day for Nixon, the mur derer. He received the news that the General Term of the Supreme Court had affirmed the judgment of the Court of Oyer and Terminer senter him "to be hanged by the neck till he was dead." He passed a sleepless night. He went to bed at eleven o'clock and got up at five o'clock yesterday morning. The two Deputy Sheriffs watched him very closely, but Nixon was very quiet. He lay in bed all night, and asked several times for some cold water to bathe his hot, throbbing forehead with. How wild, how strange he looked as he cast his eyes up to see if day was breaking! The pale light stole through the slanting chink in the wall as he tossed both his hands out of bed and buried his face in them. He raised himself into a sitting posture.

"Not yet daylight?" he said, in a strange, hollow voice. "Will the night last forever?" What a night it must have been. He had some

hope yet, but HE PELT THAT HE MUST DIR. In a few hours he would know his fate. Die He looked up and felt the warm rays of the sun streaming in, and thought, "How beautiful is life!" He thought of his wife, his dear little children, of the bright days of his youth and the fond visions of his future. He paced his cell, and then sat down

on the bed. "So it is too late !" he sighed.

The Deputy Sheriffs said nothing. They looked at him aghast. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes stared wildly out before him, his hair streaked his forehead, his hands trembled as he tried to dress. There was something terrible in his whole appearance. He remarked that it was a beautiful day. and glanced up at the chink in the wall. What a long look! He must have thought of the hundreds and thousands who were now stirring in the beautiful sunlight, animated by hope and pleasure and joy, and he in the cold cell, with the gallows before

Bride, of Mott street church, and other priests came to see him. He greeted them reverently.

"I am happy," he replied. The words were spoken in a

"We'll ge to mass," Father Duranquet said.
"Oh, yes: I'll go to mass," said the doomed man,

his face lighting up.

They went across to the female prison, where the chapel is. How many prisoners have attended mass there and beard the prayers that were being offered for their souls! Nixon listened calmly to the solemn prayer. His lips were compressed, his face became whiter yet, but not a sound escaped his lips. He partook of the communion and looked almost cheerful as he did so. It seemed to relieve him, and he grasped the bands of the priests when

the yard the sun shone brightly upon his head, He drew a long breath. There was something delightful even in the tainted air of the prison yard. He looked up at the sky. How glorious it looked! He looked at the grim walls of the prison that had held so many men who had died on the gallows before him. His chin sunk on his breast. He sighed and he quietly walked back to his cell.

He stretched himself on the bed and shut his eves. He was tired, having been unable to sleep a wink during the night. He put his hands before his eyes as though he were shutting out

SOME DREADFUL, HIDEOUS SIGHT.
What could it have been that made him shudder and start? Was it some wild picture that rose up before him? Perhaps he saw his own lifeless corpse in the coffin at which he had looked the day before. Perhaps he felt the tight gripe of the rope, for he started up and grasped his neck. God! what could he have thought of?

After two hours he rose and the priests spoke to him again in accents of kindness and sympathy. He listened to them attentively and clasped his hands and breathed a prayer toward heaven. They all prayed; they prayed that he might not die forall prayed; they prayed that he might not die forever, that he might be forgiven, that he might not
part from his beloved ones forever, but that he
might again meet them in heaven. Nixon believed
every word he uttered; there never was a more
fervent prayer.

He was asked to partake of some breakfast, but
shook his head and did not seem to understand
what had been said to him. His thoughts were
wandering far, far away. He recalled himself.
"Oh, yes," he said.
He was able to eat something; but what a sad
breakfast it was! He knew that in a little more
than

breakiast it was! He knew that in a little more than

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HE WOULD BE DEAD.

The sound of hammering broke upon his ear. He became still more white. Were they erecting the gallows on which he was to be hanged?

He prayed again, and spoke to his Maker. No one can tell what he said to his God as he kneeled on the floor, his face thrilling with an expression of the most intense emotion. No one in the cell spoke while he was praying in whispers, liss low tones of anguish fell sadly on the ears of the priests, but no one could help him—no one but God. All earthly hope had field.

Mr. Hummel, associate counsel with Mr. Howe, came to tell Nixon that there was no hope. The little counsellor was pale and agitated. Nixon started up as his counsel entered. There was yet a gleam of hope. How hard it is to accustom one's self to the thought of death! There was hope yet. Perhaps his counsel imght bring him joyful tidings.

Mr. Hummel grasped his hand.

"Well?" Nixon asked, in a tone of intense anxiety. How much he said in that one little word! Life and death

Werre Trementing in THE BALANCE.

Mr. Hummel scarcely had the heart to speak.

"I am sorry," he said, "but —"

"What!" Nixon cried, springing to his feet and uttering a yell of terror.

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"What!" Nixon staggered his hand. "I am sorry to tell you," he said; "but there is no hope."

Mr. Hummel pressed his hand. "I am sorry to tell you," he said; "but there is no hope."

Nixon staggered and held his hand to his forehead, as though he were afraid of becoming crazed. "All hope is not gone?" he asked.

"All hope gone," echeed the counsellor.

Nixon was silent for several minutes. There was forces of the said." TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HE WOULD BE DEAD.

gone ?" he asked.
"All hope gone," echeed the counsellor.
Nixon was silent for several minutes. There was
a feverish quivering of his lips and a nervous working of the muscles of the face, but he uttered not a
syllable.

"O, I knew that my case was a hopeless one," he said, faintly, after a while.

Mr. Hummel told him that Mr. Howe (Nixon's leading counsel) had been prostrate ever since he heard of

THE FIVAL DECISION IN THE CASE.

Nixon thanked him for the trouble, he had taken Note that each in for the troots it is save his life.

"Yes; I always feit that I should have to suffer for this crime," Nixon said, gloomily.

Two Sisters of Mercy were in the room. They had spoken to him as though they were his own sisters—in such words of kindness and love and forbearance. "Oh, my child," said one now, in a one of deep sympathy, "You said not think of

worldly affairs, you must be prepared to meet your Maker."

Maker."

"Yes, I must," he replied sadly, as his eyes encountered those of the kind sister.

"Be a man," she said; "remember that Christ is still your Saviour, still your Redeemer."

He drew a long breath; he folded his hands and said, with a faint smile—it was the first smile that had lighted up his face for many a day—

"Oh, yes; after all, I could never the happier than now." (He looked up, and his lips trembled as he spoke.) "I feel as if the hand of God were upon me."

He then asked that Mr. Hummel might take care of

He then asked that Mr. Hummel might take care of His dear wife and his swert children. "We shall take care of them," one of the gentle sisters interposed, and a tear trembled in her eye, "we shall take care of them," one of the gentle sisters interposed, and a tear trembled in her eye, "we shall take care of them," one of the gentle sisters interposed, and a tear trembled in her eye, "we shall take care of them," one of the gentle sisters interposed, and a tear trembled in her eye, "we shall take care of them," one of the gentle sisters interposed, and a tear trembled in her eye, "we shall take care of them," one of the gentle sisters with the care of sorrow. But such her was a child, when he was happy and blessed with the love of kind parents. He taked of those days with some of his playmates, and his eyes became dimmed with tears of sorrow. But even now it was happiness to think of that time when he was haunted by no terrible spectre—when life seemed but one bright vision of gladness. He remembered his school days, the teachings of his parents, his promises, his earliest sorrows, his greatest joys. After all, life had been sweet, and how hard it was to look dearh in the face.

And now came

His wife had brought his little children and he was to look dearh in the face.

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His wife had brought his little children and he was to look dearh in the face.

And maked to the counselroom, where the children were. The dear little ones! One was a mere baby in the arms of the mother, who kissed it fondly. The curly-headed dariing did not understand his mother's grief, but she wept, and the child cried, too. There was the little girl of seven, whose face had a singularly sweet expression. She seemed to be of an exceedingly sensitive and loving disposition. She understood her mother's grief and wept bitterly.

"Dear, dear father!" she cried, in an agony of tears, as he clasped her in his arms.

She laid her head against his heart and wept bitterly.

"Dear, dear father!" storehead.

"Oh! don't cry, father, dear f

"Goodby," he said; "goodby. May God protect

"Goodby," he said; "goodby. May God protect you."

He motioned her to go away, but she had not the heart to leave him. "No, no! I cannot leave you so," she shrieked in an agony of despair; "my good, kind husband."

It is impossible to describe such a scene of woe. The children had to be literally torn from him ere he could leave them, and the mother seemed more dead than alive when she left the prison.

Nixon walked back to his cell. He had to pass the gallows, which had already been erected. He paused and looked at it. Looked! There never was so much hatred, agony, despair, in one glance as glared out of his dimmed and sunken eyes. "I have seen many a condemned man look at the gallows on which he was to be hung," said Mr. McCaffery, the keeper, "but I have never seen a man look at the gallows with such a fierce glare—never."

man look at the gallows with such a line of New York

man look at the gallows with such a line of School of the light, and at a late hour, when all the other prisoners had gone to sleep, he still paced his cell, thinking of that terrible fate that awaited him—thinking of death.

The following is Nixon's Last will:—

The following is Nixon's last will:—

In the name of God, amen.

I, Michael Nixon, of the city and county of New York, being of sound mind and memory and considering the uncertainty of this life, do therefore make, ordain, publish at the state of state

Maria Nixon, her heirs, executors and assigns, torever, all my moneys, dues, debts, bonds, interest in the hill-board signs, materials appertaining thereto and all the rest, residue and remainder of my property, both personal and real, of every kind and nature whatsoever. Likewise I make, constitute and appoint my beloved wire, Maria Nixon, to be executrix of this, my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made: and I do further order and request that my said wife, Maria Nixon, shall not be required to furnish any bond or security for the performance of her duties as executrix herein.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal this 13th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1873.

William F. Howe.

A. H. Humel.

Subscribed by Michael Nixon, the testator named, in the presence of each of us, and at the time of making such subscription the above instrument was declared by the said testator to be his last will and testament, and each of us, at the request of the said testator and in our presence, and in the presence of each other, signs his name as a witness thereto at the end of the will.

A. H. HUMMEL.

A. H. HUMMEL.

The Affirmation of Judgment in the Case of Nixon.

Before Judges Ingraham and Brady.

Before Judges Ingraham and Brady.

On the opening of the Supreme Court yesterday, Judge Ingraham, who on the day previous sat on the bench with Judge Davis and heard the argument in the case of Nixon, gave their joint decision in the matter. The decision was embodied in a written opinion, prepared by Judge Ingraham. It is a succinct, clear and able exposition of the questions of law involved in the case, but as the unfortunate Nixon will have suffered the extreme penalty of the law by the time this is read by the majority of the Herrald Properties of the points considered will have lost their public interest. It is only necessary to state that the exceptions presented at the trial—the first to the panel, the second to part of the evidence and the third to a portion of Judge Brady's Charge—were each overruled and the judgment of the Court of Oyer and Terminer affirmed.

Antiquities at Clinton Hall-Second

Evening's Sale To-Night.

The premonition which these May evenings begin to give of June's nearness did not prevent a large number of connoisseurs assembling last evening at Clinton Hall, for the sake of partaking evening at Clinton Hall, for the sake of partaking in the sale of those antiquities to which attention was asked in Tuesday's Herald. The more salient articles, however, are reserved for this and tomorrow evenings, and among the members which will then solicit the suffrages of the public are a unique and elegant collection of antique stone intaglios, many of them set in eighteen carat solid red gold. A large majority of these are of Etruscan workmanship, and illustrate those mythological fictions with which all the world familiar, taking us back, as they do, to the golden age and the rich simpheity of Arcadia; but, beautiful and valuable as these intaglios are, they ought not to be mentioned to the exclusion of the coins, bronzes and medals; the engravings on copper, the enamelled ware, the shuff boxes, the water colors in Gonasche, the shell cameos, the oil paintings, the medizeval carvings, the antique chests, the ivory miniatures and the innumerable convent relics. We have never seen so large a collection that was less of a heterogenous jumble, and yet sufficiently miscellaneous to come within the category of an important cabinet selection. As tonight and to-morrow night will close the sale no more pointed allusion than a mere reference to that fact can be necessary.

JUDGE LAWRENCE NOT A RAILBOAD CAN-

NEW YORK, May 15, 1873.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
SIR—Your extract from the Chicago Times in
this morning's paper in reference to Chief Justice

this morning's paper in reference to Chief Justice Lawrence and subsequent criticism does injustice to a gentieman of spotless integrity. Judge Lawrence is not the candidate of the railroad companies, but when urged by the entire Bar of the State to allow his name to be put lorward for relection consented.

At an opinion given some months since by the Supreme Court of Illinois and delivered by the Chief Justice the farmers took umbrage, have had several conventions, bitterly denouncing Mr. Lawrence and advocating the election of a candidate who shall be piedged to their interests—a state of things which Judge Lawrence, in his letter of acceptance to the Bar, justly terms without parallel in this or any other country.

By giving these facts in your valuable and widely read paper you will confer a favor upon the friends of truth and justice.

VERITAS.